



A NEW SONG ON THE
AMNESTY MEETING
IN

TIPPERARY

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND to the CAUSE

Tipperary to give you your merit
Your meeting exceeded them all
There is no reporter in Ireland
Could count half the people at all
At 12 O'Clock the streets they were crowded
United in friendship & peace
On our golden green banners were written,
The Fieenans we want to release

CHORUS—

Then hurrah for the Boys of the Galtees
Their voices they raised on that day
Three cheers for the men of Tipperary
In triumph they'll carry the day

The men from the Glen & the Galtees
In thousands assembled that day
And likewise the brave men of Cappah
Led on by their Clergy so brave
I mean that divine Father Barry
Can there it is plain to be seen
He leading the Sons & fair Daughters
And they all dressed in Emerald green

Twenty-four hours in the month of October
Tipperary that day took the sway
With banners & green flags march'd so glorious
Along through the Streets did display
The harp & the greiv'd Maids of Fria
They placed on a carriage most grand
Bewailing the Sons of our Nation
That's bannish away from Ireland

I'm sure since the days of O'Connell
Such a meeting have never been seen
With Gabriel Bannish Kilfinane
Join'd by Emily & sweet Palasgreen
Cappamore they came in great splendor
All shouting the time has come
Bewailing the men that's in bondage
Cut down in their youth & the r blood

A young man from gallant Tipperary
On a charger was mounted so gay
He commanded the legions assembl'd
On his banner was freedom that day
Brave Father O'Connell from Golden
And likewise Kilfinane also
Three cheers for the Boys of Tipperary
The Galtees & sweet Ogherbow

I was glad to see them united
In friendship & sweet unity
The tricolor march'd in procession
Their motto was sweet liberty
Remember Lord Edward & Emmet
And likewise the Manchester three
I mean Allen O'Brien & Larkin
Who died for old Erin Machree

Now to conclude those few verses
That freedom on Erin may smile
And may we soon see liberated
Each ill-treated Bannish'd Exile
The Sons of our dear Irish nation
Once more in their own land be seen
May God in his mercy restore them
To their home to old Erin the green

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